Rebellions Antidote:

OR A

DIALOGUE

Between *COFFEE* and *TEA*.

Tea. ALL hail kind Friend ſweet Balſom of our Age,
Coff. What mean'ſt thou by ſuch tragick Equipage?
Welcome dear Siſter, Baſis of my Life,
Better than Goodneſs, dearer than a Wife;
Forbear inquiring, leſt thou force to riſe
Tears to a Deluge from my doleful Eyes,
Such are my Plaints, and ſuch my cruel Fate
Tongue can't expreſs their too to Ridged State.
Tea. A Curſe all Curſes elſe below
On thoſe who do produce thy Woe;
Death, Hell and Vengeance on him fall
Who makes thy Fate ſo Tragical.
Coffee. Merit on Merit, loe now I ſee
A Life thou mayeſt command of me,
Command thy Pleaſure, I'll not Decline,
Thy Goodneſs has oblieg'd me thine;
And ſince as *Dido* thou command'ſt my Grief,
I'll with *Æneas* ſum up all in Brief.
Tea. All that I beg is but the Reaſon
What makes thy Viſage out of Seaſon.
Coffee. The Rage and Madneſs of the Nation
Moves both my Heart and eke Compaſſion,
Unto that height I cannot Force
My Horrour to a mean Divorce,
Since all the World does now rely
On Madneſs and Debauchery,
Lewd and Diſtract to ſuch a Strain
As if invoking back again.
Grim Chaos of accurſt Confuſion,
The product of our grand Deluſion.
Tea. Truth without Error needs no Oath,
All thou haſt ſaid is Naked Truth;
Thus far th'art gone, but prethy tell,
What 'tis occaſions Death and *Hell*?
Whence ſprings our Dolour, what's the ſourſe
That Operates this Helliſh Curſe.
Coffee. 'Tis *Wine* and *Ale* and eke the *Grape*
Has ſpawn'd this ſpurious beſtial Rape;
What is't but theſe produce, what horrid Fact
But *Wine* and *Ale* and *Beer* will act;
Death *Hell* and Judgment Hand in Hand
With them and theirs do always ſtand;
Rapes, Murders, Thefts, and thouſand Crimes
Are gender'd by foul *Ale* and *Wines*;
Theſe are but Trifles to the Woe
That *Wine* and *Ale*, and *Beer* can do;
From whence unleſs from theſe do daily ſpring
Rebellion, Treaſon, and Sham-ploting Sin;
Theſe Storm the Fort and let the Devil in.
Judge you th' Effect where *Satan* Rules as Chief,
'Tis then too late to cry ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief.
Tea. In theſe Extreams there's but one way I find,
My Life for yours and that will Undermine
The *Devil* himſelf, and give you all a Laughter,
T' expell his Vengeance by an holy Water,
Allay the Billows of the flowing Rout,
One Diſh of *Twiſt* will force the *Devil* out. (Portion
Coffee. Tho' haſt hit the Pin, and *Twiſt*'s the Sovereign
To turn the Tide, reverſe the *Alewives* Oacen,
Diſgorge, God, *Bacchus*, and prepare a Stage
Once more to entertain a Golden Age.
Tea. Thanks noble Sir for this Relation
In order to Retaliation,
I'll force my Muſe to ſuch an height
I'll thy deſerv'd *Acroſtick* Write.

COme frantick Fools leave off your Drunken fits,
O bſequiens be and i'll recall your Wits,
F rom perfect Madneſs to a modeſt Strain,
F or Farthings four I'll fetch you back again.
E nable all your mene with tricks of State,
E nter and Sip and then attend your Fate;

Come Drunk or Sober for a gentle Fee,
Come ne'r ſo Mad i'll your Phyſician be.

J, C, B. A B.

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